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MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1930.

## An Official Bear Story.

It is not often that an official report from an army or navy officer constitutes reading matter which will arouse interest, but it seems to us that the report which has been made to the Navy Department by a naval surgeon, Passed Assistant Surgeon C. C. Grieve, U. S. N., has all the qualities of dime novel literature. That officer is in command of the naval hospital at Sitka, Alaska, and he was recently called upon to render professional treatment to a captain of a fishing sloop who went on shore at Rodman Bay to hunt deer. The captain was returning to his ship late in the afternoon with the deer over his shoulder, when he suddenly came upon a female brown bear and two young cubs. Before he could get at his rifle or throw off the deer, the bear was upon him. It was a fight at very close quarters, and in the struggle between man and beast the bear bit the man on the neck six or seven times, besides administering numerous and deep scratches all over his body. This was quite bad enough, and in most cases would have been considered as sufficient to end the career of the hunter.

Instead of dying, he lay for three days where the encounter had occurred. Then he made his way laboriously on hands and knees to the beach, which he reached on the evening of the seventh day. In that time he had been without food or drink, save for the few berries he was able to reach and for the moisture he obtained from the leaves. As if this were not sufficient to discourage the man, he was beset with pestiferous mosquitoes, and was forced to burrow in the leaves and moss of the woods to escape from the bites of these insects. The party from his ship had been searching for him, but did not find him until he had reached the beach. He was carried to the naval hospital at Sitka more dead than alive, emaciated in form and delirious in mind. He presented a pitiable object, the details of which are given by the naval surgeon, but may well be omitted from anything but a medical document.

The treatment which was promptly administered by the naval surgeon was successful, and in less than forty days the man was out of the hospital, perfectly well, but, as might be expected, terribly scarred. The incident not only shows the remarkable nerve of the man who was attacked, as well as his power of endurance and his ability to resist the effects of the fearful fight, but, as is remarked by Surgeon Grieve, "it also serves to disprove the time-honored fallacy originating in the claims of old hunters, that bears never bite man."

Altogether, this narrative in the professional phraseology of the naval surgeon is a bear story which outclasses fiction.

"The tariff is a joke," says John W. Gates. It may so appear to the man in an automobile, but it does not to the strap-hanger.

**Southern Education.**  
The educational development in the South is one of the most promising signs of the times. There is a marked awakening everywhere to the necessity of enlarging the educational opportunities of Southern youth, particularly along agricultural and industrial lines. At the annual conference for education lately held in Atlanta the practical side of education was emphasized. Agricultural high schools, agricultural courses in the colleges and universities, and the better training of teachers were some of the topics that engaged the attention of those present. Under the guidance of President S. C. Mitchell, of the University of South Carolina, resolutions were adopted expressive of the sense of the conference, the more important being these:

"First—Improvement in county supervision as the strategic point in the entire educational system."  
"Second—The professional training of teachers to meet the demand for more efficient service, and especially the strengthening of the department of education in the higher institutions for the training of men as teachers and principals of high schools and as superintendents."  
"Third—The extension of local school improvement leagues to every community in the South and the earnest effort to place this inspiring work upon a self-supporting basis."

In addition, the resolutions urged an increase in the appropriations for the Federal Bureau of Education. Indeed, there was a general sentiment for a closer co-operation with national agencies in the matter of education, especially in agriculture. Prof. Ellis, of the University of Texas, whose address attracted much attention, was urgent in his advice to the Southern farmer to make use of the Federal Department of Agriculture. "Let the Southern farmer send samples of his soil to Washington for analysis," he said. "Let him get the government to advise him what his soil is best adapted for, and what kind of fertilizer is best for it. Let him have the government help him to solve the agricultural problems which face him. He must keep awake and abreast of the times if he is to compete with his Western rivals."

The amounts expended for education have been enlarged by many millions

during the past few years. Women have taken a keen interest in the schools, and it is largely to their efforts that more generous provision has been made for the extension and support of educational institutions. In all this, the white man's burden has not been overlooked, and the negro snarers with his Caucasian neighbors the opportunity of educational advancement. But it is coming to be more generally recognized that the old scholastic training is fitted for only the few, either white or black, and more practical methods are bound to prevail in the future.

Deep down in their hearts, we fear, the Democrats in Congress spend the greater part of their spare time thinking the good Lord tariff revision is not their funeral.

**A Vile Newspaper Habit.**  
"Newspapers are known to have a vile habit of not admitting or correcting their mistakes."—New York Evening Post.

Yes; they are known to have that habit, and the term here used to characterize it is none too strong. It is, indeed, "a vile habit." Every honest newspaper condemns and deplores it.

Journalism in recent years, truth to tell, owing to sensationalism—commonly called "yellow"—tendencies has become more and more addicted to this habit, and there is scarcely a city now that has not, unfortunately, at least one paper more or less unmindful of its duty to the public to deal fairly and tell the truth.

Errors are inseparably connected with daily newspaper work, whatever the safeguards to prevent them. Absolute accuracy every day in the year in all things is impossible with the best-regulated newspaper. The very best it can do is to strive earnestly, persistently, and eternally to get things right and do its duty to no man or woman, and then, when the inevitable mistakes occur, correct them promptly and fully. Such a newspaper only can hope to hold the confidence and respect of the community in which it is printed.

It would seem that good business policy, if not good intention and a desire to be fair and square, would keep newspapers from acquiring the "vile habit" to which the Evening Post refers; that they would correct their mistakes for their own sakes, if not in justice to the victims of those mistakes; but a lack of inherent honesty and spirit of fair play prompts the short-sighted course of letting mistakes go uncorrected and wrongs unrighted.

In the very nature of things, however, the newspapers addicted to the vile habit suffer the most, and, unless they overcome the habit, ultimately cease to have any influence at all.

Hon. Castro does not like it a little bit that "Uncle Sam" spoiled his revolutionary progress and squelched his warlike programme for Venezuela. Hon. Castro does not understand that his big uncle really did him a great favor, in all probability.

**Dementia Rooseveltiana.**

We fear Mr. Roosevelt is destined to find that African hunt a beastly bore before it is finished; that is, if we are to believe the stories already coming from the Dark Continent, and accept them as indicative of those to follow.

The former President spent his first night under canvas in Africa on April 22, it appears. From the story concerning this interesting event, appearing in our dignified, reliable, and altogether lovely contemporary, the Philadelphia Public Ledger, we learn some interesting things. We are informed that the camp was "pitched near the railroad station"; that "lions were prowling around in the vicinity of the tents"; that "beasts of the jungle" "roared" within easy hearing distance, but that through it all "calmly the President slept." Moreover, during the day "about twenty giraffes, with their young, wildebeests, hartbeests, waterbucks, zebras, dikkers, ostriches, and one rhinoceros" were seen by the mighty hunter, and so forth and so on, all topped off with imposing and highly strenuous headlines.

Pretty good for the first day and night—and all "near the railroad station." Too bad, we think, that the President should have slept through all the howling and the roaring. He ought to sit up and share those exciting sounds from the jungles with the newspaper correspondents—for nobody would be mean enough to suspect that they existed only in the imagination of some enterprising writer 4,000 or 5,000 miles away, in New York, for instance.

Aside from the latter phase of the situation, however, what is the use hunting in any such country as that? Why proceed into the interior, cut one's way through dense tanglewoods, over rough country, and through myriads of insect flies and other pests in search of game, when all one has to do is pitch one's tent "near the railroad station" and have the varmints amble about, roaring and rubbing their noses and anxious to get shot full of holes the very first thing?

It is useless to tell us Theodore Roosevelt is going to enjoy such mollycoddled sport. He did not go to Africa for the purpose of seeing the animals walk up and eat out of his hand. Not he—unless we have known him here in Washington these seven or eight strenuous years without ever finding him out even slightly. It would be more fun for him to sit in the back window and throw bootjacks at a Thomas cat on a dark and stormy midnight than to hunt where the game is so easy.

We fear the enterprising correspondents are determined to make Mr. Roosevelt shoot up all Africa before he even gets his gun loaded.

"Have you noticed that the oldest inhabitant is always a man, never a woman?" inquires the Philadelphia Record. Certainly! We are a gallant people.

And now Florida threatens to go "dry." It will be a far cry from Cincinnati to Key West.

hour! That writer surely would have been unable to dig up enough adjectives to do full justice to the dear fellow.

When you go to the telephone to call up Mars, be sure to have your \$10,000,000 in your hand and drop it in the slot promptly. It is very annoying to the ladylike operator to have to wait while you fumble around in your clothes for the change.

The surpassing virtues of corn pone are at last beginning to dawn on numerous people throughout this land of the free and home of the brave.

The common people are probably beginning to realize at last the full generosity of Republican campaign promises in respect of tariff revision. Who would have thought the G. O. P. actually intended permitting skeletons and Balm of Gilead to come in free of duty?

It has been figured that 100 out of 171 Democrats in the House of Representatives have already expressed themselves as favoring protection on something. This looks as if the Democrats are determined to spike their own guns good and proper.

The last ultimatum received by the Sultan of Turkey, so to speak, seems to be about the best businesslike proposition he has ever been up against in all his sublimely august existence.

The principal glitter around and about the White House since the departure of Mr. Loeb appears to be Capt. Archibald Williamson of Grafenried Butt.

Potatoes are up, flour is up, meat is up; but remember, gentle reader, a sharp cut in diamonds is promised for the near future.

Mr. Aldrich's proposal to cut down Congressional appropriations and economies will cause him to be regarded hereafter more in sorrow than in anger by some of his erstwhile comrades.

Well, what are you growling about? You may get less doughnut for your nickel just at this time, but you get more hole, do you not? Why be unreasonable?

Still, if the Republicans had been absent from the pie counter as regularly for the past forty years as the Democrats, we suspect "What is a Republican?" would be something of a problem itself.

Cheer up! Those Saturday afternoon Marine Band concerts might be moved over to Alexandria, or even down to Manassas, you know.

Caruso is said to smoke from 100 to 150 cigarettes a day. So, after all, he may not grieve excessively because of the loss of his once magnificent voice; he evidently found it something of a bore to give up the time for cigarette smoking necessary in order that he might sing now and then, anyway.

Emma Goldman says psychology leads anarchists to kill people. Anarchists should be permitted to study psychology only from the inside of a jail or lunatic asylum, if the woman is right.

A Pennsylvania judge has decided that "a drunken man who neglects his wife and children must pay his wife his entire wages for a year." Even with that glittering prospect ahead, however, it is not likely the wife will purchase many automobiles or silk dresses.

Evidently a few wise old owls among those Young Turks, eh?

"Mr. Patten has gone fishing," says a Chicago contemporary. For suckers, presumably.

Pittsburg is in something of a temper over Miss Ida Tarbell's tariff stories involving some Smoky City features of protection. That woman certainly has an uncommonly frank manner when it comes to telling unpleasant truths concerning some hardened old sinners.

**ABOUT EX-PRESIDENTS.**

**Average Period of Life After Retirement Is Twelve Years.**

President Roosevelt retired from his exalted office while a comparatively young man, and doubtless looks forward to a longer lease of life than has fallen to the lot of a majority of retiring Presidents. John Adams, the second President, lived over a quarter of a century after laying down the cares of office, but the average period of life of the Presidents after retirement is only twelve years and ten months. The list follows:

George Washington lived two years and nine months after retirement.  
John Adams lived twenty-five years and three months.  
James Jefferson lived seventeen years and three months.  
James Madison lived nineteen years and three months.  
James Monroe lived six years and four months.  
John Quincy Adams lived nineteen years and served in the House of Representatives.  
Andrew Jackson lived eight years and three months.  
Martin Van Buren lived twenty-one years and four months.  
William Henry Harrison died precisely one month after his inauguration, April 4, 1841.  
John Tyler lived seventeen years after his retirement.  
James K. Polk lived three months.  
Zachary Taylor died in office, sixteen months after his inauguration.  
Millard Fillmore lived twenty-one years after his retirement.  
Franklin Pierce lived twelve years and seven months.  
James Buchanan lived six years and eleven months.  
Abraham Lincoln died in office.  
Andrew Johnson lived six years and four months after retirement, and served a portion of a term in the United States Senate.  
Ulysses S. Grant lived eight years and four months after retirement.  
Rutherford B. Hayes lived eleven years and eleven months.  
James A. Garfield died four months after his inauguration.  
Chester A. Arthur survived one year and eight months after retirement.  
Grover Cleveland lived ten years and seven months.  
Benjamin Harrison lived eight years.  
William McKinley died in office.

Only two of Mr. Roosevelt's predecessors returned to public life, John Quincy Adams dying while a member of the House of Representatives, and Andrew Johnson passing away while United States Senator. Mr. Roosevelt may also return to Washington as a Senator, but whether he does or not, the people of the country, regardless of politics or religion, will wish him a lease of life far beyond the three score and ten allotted to mankind.

**The Age of Courtesy.**  
From the Queen.

No one denies that there is today among many people a sad lack of politeness and courtesy, and that society, or at least certain classes of it, would be all the better for a rigid observance of these graces; but it is not to be thought for one moment that our grandfathers and grandmothers were above suspicion in this respect.

**Plain Gasoline.**  
And methought the air grew denser  
On the spot.  
Was it a can of gas from a censer?  
It was not.

"Twas no case of zephyrs massing  
From afar;  
'Twas the odor of a passing  
Touring car."

**Quite So.**  
"The time, the place and the girl. How seldom we find them together."  
"Still, a razor combination is the man, the money, and the inclination to propose."

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

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**The Wherefore.**  
"Why is this fellow Castro considered so dangerous?"  
"He's a boat rocker. Wants to rock the ship of state."

**Just as Good as Cheering.**  
"Women don't understand the responsibilities of politics."

"They don't, eh? At a recent woman's congress the delegates threw kisses at a popular candidate for an hour and thirty-seven minutes by the clock."

**The Cheer-up School.**  
The sunshine poet daily grinds  
His pen beginning with the words:  
It's easy to be gay, he finds—  
In print.

**Home Tasks.**  
"I suppose you'll be glad when your child gets out of the lower and into the higher grades?"

"Yes; I believe I could do the geometry lessons more easily than the headwork and the perforated squares."

**Doing Their Part.**  
"Why are all the women lavishing flowers, good victuals, and mash notes on that wife beater? Do the women of this town admire a wife beater?"  
"Not especially," answered the Plunkville sheriff, "but when we get one in jail we ain't a-going to have him neglected. Plunkville women have as much public spirit as those of other communities."

**Heart Interest.**  
"Something novel in melodrama."  
"How now?"  
"The heroine's spring hat gets hit by a pile-driver, which mashes it into a lovely new shape."

**OLD AGE PENSIONS.**  
Successful Scheme of the International Typographical Union.

From the Springfield Republican.  
In addition to the Union Printers' Home in Colorado Springs, which is doing good work after sixteen years of intelligent conduct, the International Typographical Union also maintains an old age pension fund. This was established because it was recognized that many aged and incapacitated members would be unable because of family ties to avail themselves of the advantages of the home in Colorado. When the new departure was undertaken it was estimated by the committee having the matter in charge that the assessment of one-half of 1 per cent on the total earnings of all members would produce \$180,000 a year, and the annual disbursements to pensioners would reach \$104,000. The result of ten months' experience has been to pleasantly surprise those who laid out the plans. The receipts have been far in excess of the estimates, and the expenditures from the fund considerably less than was anticipated. There was paid in for the period from March to December, 1929, \$155,544, and for the same period the expenditures amounted to \$25,544, leaving a balance in the fund of \$130,000. James M. Lynch, president of the International Typographical Union, further explains a matter of interest to the printers and the public, as follows:

In the period covered per capita tax was received on an average of 44.72 cents. Thus the pension assessment has averaged 34.4 cents per member per month. The fund is paid every four weeks, the idea being to give each pensioner 13 checks in 12 months. At the close of January 1, 1930, the pension fund had received \$1,280,000. The pensioners had received \$200,000, leaving a balance of \$1,080,000. The fund is now \$1,080,000, and the pensioners are \$200,000 in arrears.

But as picturesque and interesting as were the Chinese "tenants of 'Stewart's Folly,'" they had not become accustomed to Occidental methods, and after several years' occupancy they left it in such a condition that the Senator was compelled to refinish and refurbish the interior at an expense that cost him nearly as much as the rent he had received from the Chinese government; and even after the house was renovated it never seemed quite the same as in the days of its first significance. Nor was the second period of the Stewart's residence here as brilliant as their first, for the times had changed in the decade of their absence, many old friends had disappeared, Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Hooker, the two ladies who with their parents, and while the latch string of "Stewart's Folly" was always out, the noted old castle was marked by a different atmosphere.

Until he was stricken with his last illness Senator Stewart was an athletic man, and at seventy-five could win a bout with men half his age. One day in the cloak room of the Senate a little group of fellows were discussing the physical strength of men and various periods, and some one suggested that strength deteriorated so with increasing age. Senator Stewart passed just as this remark was made.

"Do you think so?" he asked jokingly. "No, you think so because you are twenty years my junior, are you stronger than I am? Well, see here." And with that he picked up the speaker and threw him over his shoulder.

**His Object.**  
From the Independent.

Most of us are acquainted with the person who asks obvious questions—the sort of man who stops you in the middle of a headlong rush and asks you if you are in a hurry. Mr. E. is one of the other sort, the man who asks an obvious question, but he asks it in a friendly way. Before it stood three huge moving vans; the lawn was almost covered with articles of furniture of various sorts—pictures, wardrobes and chairs. And there was his old friend E., begrimed, weary and ill-tempered, directing operations in his shirt-sleeves.

"What, B?" exclaimed Mr. E., "are you moving?"

"Not at all—not at all," snapped B., with elaborate sarcasm, "I'm taking my furniture out for a ride."

**Harmony, but Not Harmon.**  
From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mr. Bryan is for harmony, but views the word with suspicion if the last letter happens to drop off.

**Will Fool 'Em Again.**  
From the Chicago News.

Doubtless in 1912 "tariff revision downward" will be once more a perfectly good rallying cry.

**Four, in Fact.**  
From the Chicago Tribune.

"It isn't a corner," says Mr. Patten. "It's a perfectly square deal." Anything that is perfectly square usually has a corner.

**A Dangerous Practice.**  
From the New York Evening Sun.

In some States of the Union it will soon be safer to kill than smoke a cigarette in public.

**Renewal.**  
Spring's ardor spurs the torpid wit:  
The frugal poet plies his hoe;  
And, bristling, beats the rhymes off  
Above the blackthorn's sprinkled snow.  
The ivy takes new gloss. Below,  
A sea-fake, feasting on the gloom,  
Faint snowdrops on the border grow,  
And there their flies a light wind runs.

The pale snowdrops are here.  
Not snow seems cheerier, nor the plume  
Of yonder snail that cures the nose.  
A sea-fake, feasting on the gloom,  
Young daisies dot the turf like spume  
From some spent wave of ebullient green;  
And all the blood stirs with the bloom  
Of gorse-lanes lit and burning keen.

The snail's slower bursts the body's sheath;  
Though bright may slay, it may not bite  
Unharmful; with flow's the meadows waste  
Late-withered. Earth, once more, is white  
These graces; but it is not to be thought  
For one moment that our grandfathers  
and grandmothers were above suspicion  
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**Accomplished Panic Makers.**  
From the New York World.

The stock exchange men got up an imitation panic for Mr. W. W. Bennett. To such accomplished panic makers no rehearsal was necessary.

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## WASHINGTON CHAT.

By THE SPECTATOR.

For nearly half a century William M. Stewart, who died on Friday, was a conspicuous and picturesque figure in Washington. His bright, keen eyes, his shock of white hair, and long white beard, made him seem the personification of Santa Claus. That was a pseudonym by which he was often known, and a well deserved pseudonym, for he was quite as jolly, quite as merry, and quite as good-natured as the children's patron saint.

Senator Stewart had the pioneer instinct fully developed. He was one of the forty-niners in California, and when the improvements in Washington began under the board of public works he was a pioneer in the West End, building at the junction of Massachusetts and Connecticut avenues, on what was then the pasture land, a large and pretentious mansion, modeled partly after a castle on the Rhine, which had pleased Mrs. Stewart's fancy. It was adorned with medieval turrets and towers stuccoed to resemble stone, and topped by a mansard roof, a style popular at that time, and used on the British Embassy, which dates from the same period. The windows were large, with single panes of plate glass. Just then beginning to be used, the enormous structure, truly, and its mixed architecture—if its muddled design could be so characterized—and situation, almost in the country, earned for it the name of "Stewart's Folly."

When the Stewarts occupied this house it was the scene of lavish hospitality, and the dinners, suppers, and balls given there were the talk of the day. Mrs. Stewart was a large, handsome, gray-haired woman, with a big heart and cordial manners, who delighted to entertain, and she had two able coadjutors in her daughters, Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Hooker. The latter still lives in Washington, and is the mother of Capt. Richard S. Hooker, of the Marine Corps. The magnificent scale on which they lived soon dissipated the large fortune Mr. Stewart had made as a junior officer than in a higher grade.

A scheme of selection somewhat on the following line would, in my judgment, meet the necessities of the case and give the best results: Promote a certain number of the ensigns by selection, say one-third, the other two-thirds by seniority; officers three times passed over to be dropped or retired. Promote half the junior lieutenants by selection and half by seniority—officers twice passed over to be dropped. Promote one-third of the lieutenants by selection, one-third by seniority, and retire those twice passed over. In the grades of lieutenant-commodore all promotions to be made by selection. Commodore to be promoted by seniority. All selection to be made by a board of flag officers and captains.

**SELLING NATURE'S BEAUTY.**  
It is done in England as well as in America.

From the London Spectator.  
I think, after all, it seems clear that it was Southey who talked of the sublime and beautiful being carried away as he saw the quarries a century ago at their mischievous work in the Avon gorge. I have this from an old friend, whose father, the most accurate of men, always used to quote the words as a saying of Southey's. "Selling the sublime and beautiful by the cartload," appears to have been the exact phrase.

Southey was born in Bristol, where his father had a haberdashery shop, "at the sign of the Harp," in Wine street. As a boy, I am sorry to say, the young Southey used to grub roots of the bee orchis, which then grew at the foot of the gully, and take them to die (in pots, I think) at his aunt's house in College Green. As a man he had a strong affection for Bristol, and in a curious letter written from Keswick in 1827, he writes: "I live in the hopes of having a steam carriage which will enable me to transport myself and family at reasonable cost. When this is effected, which is likely to be in a very few years (I), we will mount the vehicle some day when the motor bolts and starts for my native city, which I should like my children to see."

It is perhaps worth noting that Burke also to whom we owe the happy phrase, "the sublime and the beautiful," was the recollection of his own enjoyment of the "serene air" on our "lofty rocks," and the sight of the gulls below "that skim the mud of your river when it is exhausted of its tide." It was the famous passage in the speech he made to the citizens of Bristol on the declaration of the poll in 1774.

It is perhaps right to add that a correspondence has kindly called my attention to a paragraph from Punch for August 21, 1844, which speaks of the authorities here "selling their splendid scenery at about twopence the hundred-weight."

The beauty of nature is being rapidly carried away for my native city, which I should like my children to see."

The "struggle between nature and the town council," of which Punch spoke more than sixty years ago, is a vivid illustration of the struggle between the preservation of things beautiful, and the disappearance of things beautiful, and its readers who know anything of the sublimity of our river scenery here will be aware that its destruction is a matter of national, and not merely local, concern.

**Get Out of Doors.**  
From the Medical Record.

Trudeau's classic experiment points us in the right direction. After inoculating a number of rabbits with tuberculosis, he confined a number of them indoors and turned the others out doors. The latter all recovered, while the former all died.

This experiment shows that it is living upon its natural food and in a natural environment, is proof against tuberculosis. There is abundant reason to believe this equally true of man.

In other words, tuberculosis is not a necessary evil of human life, but is a natural consequence of erroneous habits and departure from natural conditions. Man is naturally an outdoor animal. A whole life in a healthy life in a burrow. A man must live in the fresh air and the sunshine.

**Danger in the Fly.**  
From the New York Times.

The slaughter of the stegomyia fasciata since the proof of the indictment that it was the host for the propagation of the yellow fever parasite has been a fearful and something sinister has been happening to the typhoid fly. The fact is even more important, for it is easily possible to flee to climates where the stegomyia never ventures, but it is hardly possible to escape the typhoid fly. It is the common housefly, the nuisance which flies from the manure-heaps and the sewage-laden rivers into the windows of almost everybody's parlor or, worse yet, kitchen.

**The Real Test.**  
In doing what you do today  
Think not on what the world will say;  
The world is much too busy  
To dwell on its own affairs.  
To better with your little cares,  
The cares that make you busy.

Pursue your daily round of life,  
Be not a slave to the world's  
Of pleasure or